

THE COMPLAINT

OF
Mrs. CELIERS,

AND THE
Jesuits in Newgate,

TO
The E. of D. and the Lords in the Tower,

Concerning the Discovery of their

New Sham-Plot.

W H A T think you now, my most politick Lords? the cowardly Rogue *Macgraff* has confest all? Had not our dear Fathers so often inculcated into me in this our retirement, that the power of the Pope our most holy Father, is on Earth, much greater than God Almighty's? and that he has solely left the Rule of this World to him, and his most adored *Infalibility*, I should begin to suspect by these strange and fatal, and frequent detections and discoveries of our Mines; that there was some Titular Angel belong'd to these Hereticks called Protestants, or that this *Islands Genius* stood in opposition to our endeavours, of bringing it under the power of the Tripple Crown, or else that the thing I have heard some fools talk of, called *Divine Providence*, was our Enemy: I confess to you my dear Popish Lords, and you my dear Protestant professing, popishly affected E. of D. as well as to our dear and holy Fathers our Priests, that sometimes I have some such little puny thoughts, or gentle qualms of Conscience; but I quickly pass it over, and am again confirmed by my dear and most holy Fathers, who send you their Benediction, that these are but cunning flights and tricks of the Devil, who sometimes will oppose our pious designs, out of meer design to shew his power, and to ingratiate himself with us, and to endear himself the more to us, having been indeed a most professed Friend to our holy See. One Father *H.* whom you all know, has made his Orisons to his most infallible Oracle the inspired Prophet *G.* who has cast a Scheam, and he assures us we were over hasty in our discovery to *Macgraff*; for had we stayed but three minutes longer, ere we had proposed our design to him, it had infallibly taken effect, and we had most gloriously, and to our eternal Fame, sham'd the *Presbyterians*, fool'd *Providence*, deceived *Englands Guardian Angel*, and all Protestours whatsoever; for as ill luck would have it, *Pluto* was busie at that instant with *Proserpina*, and neither thought of us, or his dear Allies Concerns; but he has sent us word, that this would soon blow over, and that he should not despair of effecting the next Design, which we may go about as soon as ever *Scorpio* layes his left Claw in the House of *Pisces*. You know the Devil and Woman may do much, they once confounded a World, then sure the Devil, the Pope, the Jesuite

J-suit, the politique D. and a Woman, may ruine one poor silly Heretical
Isid. I swell with Indignation to find myself thus out-witted, and had I the
tiringh of the old Gyants, I'd pull *Jupiter* out of his Throne, but I'd have
my Will.

Well, my dear and Honoured Lords, and you my dear Lord P. for whom I
have a particular respect, what next is to be done? I am afraid this Shame is quite
broken, and I can never be piec'd again, about the murdered Knight; we intend
thoroly to have a general Consult here, about another Plot, in which I am to sit
President, and which I need not be ashamed to own to you, since one of my Sex
to our Glory and *Re-town*, once possessed the *Infallible Chair*, and was a She-
God, or Goddess on Earth; and I hope if I can bring the next design about, that
I may come to be Archbishops of this *Island*, for according to the predictions
of our Friend G. who has cast my Nativity, I am to be highly exalted. We shall
advise you of the precise minute of our meeting, that you also may lay your
heads together at the same time. We have sent away to *Rome* to our Holy Fa-
ther, that he should make his Complaint to *Lucifer*, that those his infernal work-
men should be punished, for sending us Consciences that were not proof a-
gainst Fear. For our Tool *Macgraff* was not double steel'd with Impudence, as
he ought to have been; for if he had, he had out-fac'd all proofs with an Oath,
let them have said what they will.

I have not seen our Fathers so much disturbed a good while, but are indeavou-
ring to wash it down; now it would be worthy our selves, if after all this we
could persuade our Followers, Party, and Well-wishers, to believe that this
Macgraff is a Tool of the *Hereticks*, and by them hired to put this Trick upon us.
Something of this Nature must be done, for if we don't still appear Innocent,
many will break off from us. We must not now let fall our Spirits, therefore
we all desire you will send us, by your wonted Messenger, a purse at this time
to cheer our Hearts, and to inspire us anew for some glorious design.

We have been endeavouring after some Miracle, to assert our Innocency, and
the Truth of our Cause, but we find it not as yet very feasible, and our Fathers
complain, that the Hereticks want the Devotion of Ignorance; being so subtil,
that unless we can outdoe all that yet has been performed in that nature, we
cannot think to prosper. I am still for following our old way, and for springing
a new Mine, we shall fall to digging again. The three Scribling Fathers are al-
most blind with writing, and drinking, and their Provence is well manag'd. You
know they have several weekly Pamphlets, that come forth with Protestant Fa-
thers, which have done us no small service, besides those others by the by, you
must therefore encourage them, grease them well, that the wheels may run lib.

We have now more need than ever of that most useful Art of Conjuraton,
exercised by several of our Infallible Heads, and the Fathers have convinc'd me
of the necessity of that Art, to be perpetually annexed to that See, to maintain
itself in this latter Age, in which, Eyes are more open than in the days of old.
We cannot but admire, that *Lucifer* should be so shy of Communicating those
his beloved Secrets, but to some particular Persons. *Innocent* now wants the
true knowle-ge, and help of that useful Art Magick, as much to keep the Chair, as
ever *Silvster* did to get into it. We must have one skil'd in the Black Art, to
help us, whereyer he is to be had, and then we will raise up the Knight's Ghost,
whose black Murder has Created us all this Trouble, and he shall come himself,
and swear, that he hang'd himself, and that his Brother run him thorow after he
was dead, and put it upon the Innocent *Papists*. We have sent to *Rome* about it,
and as soon as we receive answer from thence you shall be certified. We hope our
Friend the Infernal Prince will be helpful to us in this last Shift, or else we shall
dispair: we likewise desire that some few places of Scripture may be also ex-
pand'd, which sayes, a Murderer shall be put to death, and that no Satisfaction be
taken for the life of a Murderer, *Numb. 35* and this we have done chiefly for the
E. of D. sake:

From our Colledge this last of May, &c.

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